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MY FIRST CIGAR.

[We also give "My First Cigar," from the Keokuk *Gate City*.]

'Twas in a quiet alley,
One glorious summer day,
I sat upon a dry-goods box,
And drew and puffed away;
And as the curly smoke arose
And floated on the air,
I suddenly grew awful sick—
It was my first cigar.

I leaned across the dry-goods box,
Turned almost deathly pale,
And gasped and threw up everything
E'en to my great toe nail;
Alas! what did I at such a time,
For smoking seem to care,
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed,
It was my first cigar.

I've swallowed gobs of castor oil,
And took pills by the score:
Been turned and twisted inside out
A dozen times or more;
But sickness I have never felt,
Which could with that compare,
When in that lonely alley
I smoked my first cigar.

MY LAST CIGAR.

[The following is the version of an old song that was quite popular some 25 or 30 years ago.]

'Twas off the Blue Canary Isles,
One glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter-deck
And whiff'd my cares away;
And as the volum'd smoke arose,
Like incense in the air,
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar!

I leaned upon the quarter-rail,
And look'd down in the sea;
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Ah! what had I, at such a time,
To do with wasting care?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar!

I watched the ashes as they came
Fast drawing to the end;
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
And, as the fire crept slowly on,
It vanished into air;
I threw it from me—spare the tale—
It was my last cigar.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watched above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been:
But I have never known a woe
Which could with that compare,
When, off the Blue Canary Isles,
I smoked my last cigar!

An Essay on Music.

ITS INFLUENCE, DELIGHTS AND BENEFITS.

In the darkest hours of human life, when man imagines himself to stand almost isolated from the rest of the world, when tortured with mental anguish, or when in his happiest hours fortune smiles upon him with laughing eyes, music is ever welcome. It is one of those heavenly muses which in compassion for the human race was wiling from the beginning to share the misfortunes of man, to enliven his pleasures, to be, in fact, a constant source of enjoyment in his hours of repose, to give expression alike to his sorrow and joy. It dates its antiquity to the remotest period, even though it had not attained that encouragement and development and perfection which only an enlightened nature could bestow upon it. Before the sculptor employed his chisel to metamorphose the rude block or the cold marble into living human forms; before scenes of nature were transferred to the canvas by the skilful artist, or the mighty pen wielded by eminent geniuses; even before the more useful domestic arts were attended to, music had already insinuated, and was engaging itself with the affections and passions of man.

It is directly an expression of man's thoughts, and of those tender feelings and imaginations which also give rise to poetry, its sister art. Music is sister or parent of poetry, and both are invariably linked together. Although it may owe much of its attractions to the senses, yet it essentially originates in the mind. The former may be entirely wanting in an appreciation of its boundless effects, whilst the latter may breathe all that can be said to apply to the most beautiful strains. Alexander Pope, who had such great powers of versification, could not appreciate music, and Garrick, the great actor, and friend of Goldsmith, was quite indifferent either to simple melodies or the most enchanting strains; not even in the jolly choruses which his friends indulged in did he delight. Thus should the effects of music, its source and expression, be judged, not by practiced ear, but rather by the rude and untutored mind. It is by examining and referring to all classes of men that we conclude it to be appreciated by all, if not by senses only, at least by the affections.

The backwoodsman or farmer who from day to day toils in the sweat of his brow—but who in his rural home, breathing the pure, unadulterated air, and admiring the works of an omnipotent God, would not exchange his lot for that of a king—gives expression alike to his joy and sorrows by means of music. The chirping of the cricket, the endless variations of the mocking-bird, or the sweet melodies of the nightingale, are appreciated best by him. He sings while he works; he drives away useless care with song. It is the songs of the rural homes which our poets have so delighted to imitate,—songs in which all the expressions of the human heart are expressed in the most humble, tender and attractive form.

Music is not ashamed to enter the lowest hovel where a fond mother sings her lullaby to her darling with as much love and affection as the queen in her palace. What indeed would this world be if music were absent, if man could not breathe in more delicate expressions his inmost feelings, than in the cold words of language? When nothing can please or bring consolation to the soul that is overburdened with sorrow, when even tears can bring no relief, song can still comfort it. Music, in truth, accompanies man through life, from his very birth even unto death. Children scarcely able to lisp already delight to imitate some pleasant strain heard before. What pleasure is there not in the chorus of the schoolroom?—the sweet melodies that ever remind us when we too were among those happy, careless children, unacquainted with the realities of life. What sweet recollections of home and friends and boon companions can we bring back to our memories without music and song being associated with them? Truly, what is home without a mother? but, likewise, what is home without music—a home where never the joyous, ringing laughter of children is heard, where never a musical strain seeks abode? Truly such a home is lacking the attractions of one that we picture to ourselves. Finally, when that wonted vigor of manhood's years has left us, when on the verge of the grave, music regrets not our acquaintance. And then, after the soul has departed for other than earthly realms, the sad, solemn and slow strains of the dirge, together with the intermingling beats of the muffled drum, do homage to the cold, lifeless remains of man, and despear the anguish and sorrow which the departure of a friend or relative has caused in the hearts of those left behind. Thus the effect on man individually, and when considering mankind in general, it makes itself equally prominent. How could we celebrate national festivals in a manner befitting the occasion without it? Would not a spirit of joy, emotion and rapture be wanting, which lend such a magic effect to public entertainments? How the audience in the opera listen with breathless awe to the endless and varied melodies of the orchestra? What enchantment is there not in all national music? What a feeling of love and patriotism?

The noble national music, if not a certain is yet a probable indication of many national virtues. The general diffusion of beautiful traditional melodies implies a people of refined taste, and exalted feelings; they go hand in hand with popular poetry. The love of a country—a love which is a concentration of all social and domestic feelings—appears to be powerfully moved by national music. A few notes from a rude reed, or a few strains sung even by an unpracticed voice, will recall to those, distant from their native land images of feelings in a more pathetic manner than the most elaborate description. Thus music, auxiliary to virtue and happiness, is an inestimable blessing. At home, it invests every spot with the light of poetry, enchantment, and charms of recollection. In peace, it binds the ties of affection; in war, it nerves the bone of victory, or the soul for death. The effect which martial music has on men before battle cannot be comprehended by any but such as have actually witnessed a battle scene. Even the quick rattling of the drum excites a lightness of step, a firmness of the whole frame, and a courage almost incompatible with the scenes of carnage and tumult that are so soon to follow. And, outside of all this, what music does not man imagine to hear in the beauties of nature? Everywhere the real imagination and susceptible mind of the poet hears it. In the cataract where angry tumultuous waves battle with each other in wild confusion; in the rivulet, that murmurs as it flows through verdant dales and valleys, carrying with it the echo from the distant hill-tops; in the unpretending rill, that seeks its path beneath the brush and underwood of the primeval forests; in the rustling of the autumnal leaves; in the howling of the northern storm; in the thunder that rolls from cliff to cliff; in the deep murmur of the ocean.

Oh, what pleasure would man be refused to enjoy if music were absent! The delights of childhood years, a source of pleasure in youth and manhood, a solace in old age, and then,—yea, even beyond the grave, shall the music of the celestial spheres and spirits greet our ears.

About Parrots.

A noticeable fact in relation to the peculiar food giving a flavor to the flesh of animals, such as muddy weeds to fish, fish to wild ducks, acorns to the flesh of pork, and many other instances, is most remarkable in the case of parrots. We are assured by those who live in South Africa, and frequently eat of parrots, that the delicacy of the flesh varies from a luxury to positive rejection during certain seasons of the year. When the delicious guava is ripe they are sapid and fat; the seed of the acajou imparts a slight and not disagreeable soupcon of garlic; spicy seeds give not only the flavor but an aroma of cinnamon, cloves, etc., and all berries give a peculiar quality to their flesh. They are, moreover, wine bibbers. We had a parrot which had contracted that habit at the passengers' dinner-tables on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. He would watch the guests retire, and go around "heel-tap" every dish as dry as any servant. The seed of the cotton tree is the parrot's especial weakness, and will intoxicate it in the same manner as alcohol does man. Dealers are said to give parrots a like stimulant previous to showing them to a customer, as it has the effect of making them loquacious. In opposition to a contrary notion, parrots will and often have been known to breed in captivity in different parts of Europe. They lay three or four white eggs each time, and incubate several times a year, sitting from twenty to twenty-five days, according to the season. The most successful results appear to have been attendant upon cases in which birds have been provided with nesting places suitable to their habits. In one case a small barrel was procured and pierced toward a third of its height with a hole about six inches in diameter. In the bottom was placed a quantity of saw dust three inches in thickness. On this the female laid her eggs and sat until they were hatched. Recent works question the fact that parrots breed in domestication, but there exists too many trustworthy evidences to the contrary to allow the denial to remain. Indeed, so long ago as 1833 a writer upon the subject said: "All experiments which have been tried at Caen and Paris on this interesting subject have been attended with the most favorable results."

We would like to exchange with all the newspapers that ask us to do so, but, really, it is impossible. We must print a paper occasionally for a subscriber.

Wonders of the Ocean.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

There is a sea in the middle of the ocean! Astonishing as the statement sounds, it is literally true. The limits of the sea are as well defined as those of any other known collection of water; its characteristics are so special that no one can mistake them.

When Columbus, on his first voyage, had got some distance to the westward of the Canary Islands, he was amazed one morning to find his ships in an undulating meadow. As far as he could see, the water was covered with a greenish-yellow plant, which appropriated the surface of the sea as thoroughly and effectually as water-lilies cover a pond. The wind was light but steady; there were not any birds to indicate the proximity of land, neither was there any apparent cause for such a collection of weed. The sailors, already scared by the persistence of the wind from one quarter—they had got into the trade-winds—looked upon the weed before them, behind them, and on either side of them, as infallible proof of their imminent destruction. The Almighty, they said, was angry at their impious attempts to pry into His secrets in the west, and had given them over to the devil, who was causing a wind to blow that would forever prevent their return ro Spain, and now had brought them into a snare such as sailors most dread—shallows extending too far beyond the land to allow of ships or men being saved. The commander could not explain the sight he saw, and might have thought with his men that the weed was the cast-off clothing of some dangerous rocks which lay a short distance down, ready to tear and rend them. The deep sea lead-line was hove, but no bottom was found. The ships kept on their westerly course, still sounding and still getting no bottom, till, in a few days they drew clear of weed and came where the broad ocean was all around them again, unencumbered by aught but the ships of the explorers.

Ever since the day Columbus saw the weed, and probably for thousands of years before he saw it, the Sargasso Sea—such is the name of the weedy sea—has existed. Its boundaries may be indicated by tracing a triangle, of which the three corners are represented by the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape de Verde. Within those limits the sea is still bottomless, and is clothed on its surface with a garment of vegetable material, so thick as to retard the progress of vessels sailing through it. Steamers avoid it when they can do so, because of the fouling of their screws and paddles by the weed; but sailing-vessels outward bound to the West Indies, South America, the Cape, etc., must needs pass through it. Sometimes a great storm, proceeding from some point outside the charmed triangle, causes its effects to be felt within the triangle, and scatters the weed more or less out of bounds. But usually there is a placid condition of things in the Sargasso Sea; the wind is light, the sky is clear, the water never rages, and, unless such a storm as has been mentioned should disturb the wonted calmness of the sea, the surface, over several degress of latitude and longitude, is covered, as in the day when Columbus saw it, with the weed Sargassum, which springs from an apparently inexhaustible source.

What Makes the Difference?

A writer in discoursing upon the way wealth is accumulated, says that as a general rule it is the result of economy, industry and attention to business. Poverty, on the contrary, comes from idleness, extravagance and inattention to business. Of course there are numerous exceptions to these general rules, but the facts justify the writer in the following sketch:

Here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early. He is in love, it may be, with some girl on the next street. He has made up his mind to be a man, to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside, with the light falling upon the faces of wife and child.

The other five gentlemen work as little as they can, spend Sunday in dissipation, have the headache Monday, and as a result, never advance. The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of his employer, and in a little while cuts out work for these other fellows.

The next thing you know, he has a shop of his own, the next store, because the man of reputation, the man of known integrity, can buy all he wishes in the United States upon credit.

The next thing you know, he is married, and he has built him a house, and he is happy, and his dream has been realized.

After a while, the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by. He has got a carriage, his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have got two children, their faces beaming with joy, and the blue ribbons are fluttering in the wind.

And thereupon these five shoemakers adjourn to some neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.

A good workshop containing such tools as can be used to advantage by the farmers should be found on every farm. A room with a stove in it, and large enough to permit of the construction of a hay rigging, a gate or portable fence, will furnish a place where many hours may be healthfully and profitably spent in the most inclement weather of winter. Here a great deal of repairing may be done that would otherwise find its way to the village mechanic. New tools may be built, that will be needed on the farm, or harnesses may be oiled and repaired and a great many things that will suggest themselves may be done. In mild weather the thoughtful can find profitable out-door work, such as repairing out-buildings and cutting up fallen branches from trees.

Congregational Singing.

RIDICULOUS INCIDENTS OF WHICH IT HAS BEEN THE CAUSE.

Years ago some of the incidents arising out of the slovenly and ignorant manner in which "congregational singing" was managed were so ludicrous that it was impossible to resist laughing. I remember being asked one fine Sunday morning to assist at a village Sunday-school. The "Superintendent" was a gardener, and the way in which he read out one of Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs" for the children to sing was very droll—the separation of "verses" of four lines into couplets of two, without reference to the context, making the greatest possible nonsense out of some. One occurs to me now, which made me smile aloud. Fancy the following read gravely, as though it were a complete sentence:

Birds in their little nests agree
And 'tis a shameful sight!

But on the same day, when we attended the service at the chapel, it was still worse. The old gardener having to read out the lines:

God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain,

read the first line:

God is His own in*trumpeter!*

Sometimes, even in the established church, the ignorance of the "clerk" gave se to amusing contretemps. I remember an old man who was clerk at St. Mary's at Leicester forty years ago, who always boggled at one word in a favorite hymn of the vicar. The hymn was the well-known one:

We've no abiding city here,

and one of the verses commences thus:

We've no abiding city here,
This may distress the worldling's mind.

That word *worldling* was, indeed, a *pons asinorum* for the poor old clerk, and the congregation was all in a titter when he came to it. "This ma-ay distress the wor-rul—wor-rul—wor-uld—wor-ruldin' moind," was generally about what he made of it, and the organist, the clever Mrs. Wood, always played the organ its very loudest at that time, to drown the tittering of the congregation. The greatest fiascoes, however, arose from the selections of inappropriate tunes. In one the words "And bow before the throne," were rendered thus:

And bow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow,
And bow-wow-wow before the throne.

I have been looking through some letters lately and am able now to give a few more specimens. There is a hymn—I forget in what collection—in which the line "With Thy benediction seal," occurs. I have a memorandum that this hymn was sung at a chapel in Cheshire, to the tune of "Aaron, 7s," and this is how the above line came in the music:

With Thy benny—
With Thy benny—
With Thy benediction seal.

Another favorite tune in those days was called "Job," which was made to do duty for all sorts of "long meter" hymns. Two singular specimens of its inappropriateness are appended. The line in one was, "Stir up this stupid heart to pray," and this was the way it was sung:

Stir up this stu—
Stir up this stupid heart, etc.

The other was—"And love thee better than before"—which was sung—

And love thee bet—
And love thee better than, etc.

There is a tune—"Miles' Lane"—in which, when sung to its own hymn, "Crown Him Lord of All," the repetition of the words "Crown Him" has a fine effect. Unfortunately, in the days I am speaking of, the people in charge of the singing thought more of the music they had to sing than the words, and the following three examples show how "Miles' Lane" was made ludicrous. In Dr. Watts' collection the Hymn 32 in the second book concludes—"And see salvation nigh." "Miles' Lane" made it thus:

And see sal—see sal—see salvation nigh,

The Hymn 104, first book, same collection, has the lines—

We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

The last line being sung to "Miles' Lane" became—

No more poll—more poll-more pollute our hands.

The 126th hymn, second book of Dr. Watts, has—

Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

"Miles' Lane" translated the final line into—

And more eggs—more eggs—more exalts our joys.

There is another tune called "Boyce," of which I will give an example from No. 17 hymn in Dr. Raffles' Liverpool collection, and the line is "And learn to kiss the rod." "Boyce" makes this—

And learn to kiss—
And learn to kiss—
And learn to kiss the rod.

Bradford Observer.

Trying to Find a Man in the West.

Jesse Lovejoy, while out west, was in search of a man whom he wished to see on a matter of business. After riding for half a day, and losing the way in that sparsely-settled country, he drew up his steed in front of a log cabin. A female came to the door. "Will you be kind enough to tell me, miss, where Mr. William Humphrey lives?" said Jesse. "I don't know," very blandly replied the young lady, "but Squire Roberts, who lives about half a mile from here, can tell you. He is a very smart man." Jesse rode on in the direction the fair enchantress indicated. Coming to the house he cried out, "Hello!" The squire with his shirt collar open, his spectacles on top of his head, and his pantaloons in his boots, made his appearance at the door. "Is this Squire Roberts?" inquired Jesse. "I am he," said the squire, with an air of importance that would have been more becoming a king. "Squire Roberts," said Jesse, "can you tell me where William Humphrey lives?" "I kin," said the squire in a self-congratulatory manner that indicated that he was able to answer the question, and proceeded: "If he are whar I anticipate he are, he are forty miles distant on Peter Creek. Although his residence are exclusively adjacent to mine, I know nothing of his wharfores or whichabouts." Jesse waved his hand in polite salutation to the squire, and rode on to find his man as best he could with the information he had received from the squire, to whom the blushing maid had directed him as the savant of the section.

HOLLAND'S "KATHRINA."

BY MISS JOSEPHINE J. TURPIN.

Holland's "Kathrina" is before me. "Her life and mine in a poem," the author tells us. It is a book with an object. The poem is true poetry. In sentiment is is noble and inspiring. In expression, graceful and musical. There is no search for quaint figures. Beautiful imagery flows as naturally from the poet's pen at song from the bird's throat. He affects not love of nature, but feels it intensely. His pages hold grand truths, unlike the comet that flashes occasionly across the heavens, but like the brilliant stars that glitter all over the sky. No summer day calm prevades this production, nor are the storms perpetual. Sometimes the peace is like the gentle rippling of a quiet sea. A bit of humor here and there delights the laughter seeker. Ever and anon, we watch the play of passions that possess the wild grandeur of some famed cataract. Through all runs a vein of pathos that invades our own bosom, causing our heart to throb in a sympathy which is half pleasure, half pain.

To Northampton on the "winding and willow-fringed Connecticut," is due the honor of the hero's birth. A dreamy, sensitive boy whose memory in after years goes vividly back to his mother and an ancient elm (his best beloved friends) he learns a family secret. The current of his thought is changed; he doubts the loving kindness of a God who allowed his father, a man good and true, his mother said, to take his own life.

With the hidden burden of his knowledge and rebellion, his mother was more than ever his idol. An incident soon made known the powers within him. Having chased an escaped lamb up a mountain steep, he kneels on the summit and a revelation burst upon him. What can be more beautiful than his much-quoted description of the scene?

"I saw before me like a jeweled cup,
The valley hollowed to its heaven kissed lip-
The serrate green against the serrate blue-
Brimming with beauty's essence; palpitant
With a divine elixir-lucent floods
Poured from the golden chalice of the sun,
At which my spirit drank with conscious growth,
And drank again with still expanding scope
Of comprehenion and of faculty."

A little later he says:

"I bowed my head
Beneath the chrismal light, and felt my soul
Baptized and set apart to poetry."

The boy heretofore led by a gentle woman, in the new life dawning within him, becomes her counselor. Heretofore taught by her, he now passes with other youths into the village seminary. He tells us:

"Victories
Were won too easily to bring me pride,
And only bred contempt of the low pitch
And lower purpose of the power which strove
So feebly and so clumsily."

Afterwards he seeks the college halls that he had seen "from boyhood's mount of vision." It was his last year there.

"Spring
Came up the valley on her balmy wings, and
Winter fled away, and left no trace,
Save here and there a snowy drift to show
Where his cold feet had rested in their flight."

A memorable morning brings a messenger:

"Your mother cannot long survive,
Come home to her to day."

Harrowing fact! his loved one is raying; she knows him not. Burning language depicts his condition, as he "gave to grief his strong and stormy nature."

Night falls; the patient dozes; the nurse sleeps.

With the craftiness of one mad, the sick woman had pretended unconsciousness. She arouses and realizes the situation. She commits the deed to which for years she has been impelled. She leaves life as her husband left. "In a common sepulture" the son 'laid his mother and his faith in God.' In a plaintive complaint he bewails the "indifference of Nature to the fact of human pain," and ends with the sorrowful conclusion that "God is gone and Love is dead and Nature spurns her child."

Part second holds somewhat of cheer.

"As from a deep dead sea by drastic lift
Of pent volcanic fires, the dripping form
Of a new island swells to meet the air.
And, after months of basking, feels
The prickly feet of life from countless germs;
Creeping along its sides and reaching up
In fern and flower to the life giving sun;
So from my grief I rose, and so at length
I felt new life returning; so I felt
The life already wakened stretching forth
To stronger light and purer atmosphere."

But still our poet mourned the lack of love in a life that needed its inspiration.

Passing a church one Sabbath morn a voice—a woman's or an angel's—impels his entrance.

"The heart is wiser than the intellect and works with swifter hands and surer feet towards wise conclusions."

That very day, after but one look into bonny blue eyes, he questions:

"A pious gir; (for such he had learned she was) what could I be to a pious girl? What could she be to me?" His description of "doing good after modern style," contains both truth and satire. Happy coincidence! In meeting his mother's friend, he meets the pious girl as her neice, Kathrina, a model of womanly excellence; a character without a flaw. Kathrina, who when asked concerning her meetings concerning her meetings with humble Christians, "Can they do you any good?" replied,

"They can; but were it otherwise,
I can serve them and so should seek them still"

With a poet's fervor he told his love, and then follows a strain of exultant joy. She is his and he is hers, yet he feels no motive stirring him to action. He slumbers in the Elysium of domestic happiness; and wraps his talent in a napkin In this state he cries out,

"Of all the dull dead weights man ever bore,
Sure none can wear the soul with discontent
Like consciousness of power unused."

His wife's prophecy that one day he would long for something more, something higher than love she could give, comes back to him He thinks to satisfy himself with fame. He longs for the competition of the crowded city. He burns his ships behind him, and together they go husband, wife, and child.

The dullards of college, grown to eminence, meet him. He is stung to earnest endeavor; his efforts are successful; he is the lion of the day, the favorite of the hour. But the wife's clear brain and Christian heart see through the flattering caresses. She realizes their instability of structure, their inefficiency to satisfy. Many a briliant but good natured repartee on the subject, passes between them. Soon the poet sees the fallacy; he ceases attempting to please the people, he will write for the sake of art alone. He composes with his mind on fire, his thoughts soaring even into the infinite. But woe to the creator's spirit! the child of his imagagination lacks the grace and beauty with which it had, in his mental vision, been invested. In the depths of his despair, Kathrina's words strike him:

"All gifts of men
Were made for use, and made for highest use."

Increasing his misery tenfold, the wife is taken suddenly ill. He wonders he had not before noticed the cheeks grown pale and the silver threded hair, But his work for fame and art had absorbed him. Now with a dang of wildest grief, he sees he must lose her. She lies calmly awaiting death; but before she goes she must be able to cry, "It is finished."

One day the tinkle of her bell called him. She tells him she has been home, she paints the glories of the scene, she repeats a message from his mother, she shows him the source of human comfort. In this chapter, the poet reaches the sublime. The dying wife, the celestial spirits, the angel mother, the voice of God in his own soul cry, "Kneel!" and he kneels; "pray!" and he prays. The mission is accomplished; the spirit leaves the body; the bereaved weep in peaceful resignation.

"These words-this tribute-for the sake
Of truth to God and womankind,"

teach a lesson well worth conning. Man may possess the love of one beloved, he may enjoy wide renown in an applauding world, he may revel in appreciation of the beautiful; but, unless he hold the glory of his Maker as the chief end of his being, there is still an aching void.

An Interesting Puzzle.

Perhaps some of our readers are not familiar with the following puzzle:

A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was, "Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting the apple, and then, if she is willing, you can have her." He solved the question, and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The old woman was to have one-half of the balance, which will be three and a half, and half an apple over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which the daughter was to have one-half and half an apple over, which would give her two, and leave the lover his one, without cutting the apple.

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HOWARD UNIVERSITY AGAIN

Two weeks ago we noticed Dr. Patton's Baccalaureate sermon concerning the Negro's status and prospects. We took occasion to express our decided opposition to Dr. Patton's application of his theories as shown in the contest for the election ot Prof. Lane to the Greek chair.

In the conclusion of the article we asked this pertinent qnestion, in substance, is Dr. Patton the best man for the Presidency of Howard University? We return to the subject.

Dr. Patton was not satisfied with the election of Prof. Lane three weeks ago by the Trustees, and he determinded to put Prof. Lane out of the Greek professorship to which he was elcted, and as Mr. Lane declined to have anything else, therefore out of the University. He called a special meeting of the Trustees, which took place last Wednesday.

At that meeting he urged the removal of Mr. Lane in a carefully written paper, in which he said Mr. Lane's election was viewed by the friends of the University with consternation, dismay and disgust. The Dr. took occasion to lecture the Trustees, and told them, in substance, that they were a parcel of foolish children or to put it in more diplomatic language, that they acted very hastily and unwisely.

We learn that the Trustees resented this insult with becoming dignity, and Prof. Lane was allowed to hold his professorship.

This remarkable episode confirms us in our opiniou that Dr. Patton is *not* the man for the Presidency of Howard University, and we would suggest that another meeting be called by him, and he tender his resignation to the Trustees, and request them to elect *Frederick Douglas* as his successor.

The election of Mr. Douglas would be most appropriate for a number of reasons, but as our space is limited we shall now mention but three.

First; it would be for the interest of the University. Mr. Douglass could secure a *million of dollars* for the endowment of the University by presenting the necessity for the education of the Negro to the country with the same matchless eloquence that he successfully advocated] their emancipation. There is no man in this country—white or black could do this with more propriety or success than *Frederick Douglas.*

Second; its educational influence on the Negro would be most excellent. Dr. Patton is greatly in favor of establishing a colored Congregational Church. He takes a great interest in Lincoln Mission, which is such a church. He substantially told the colored congregation there the other evening in our presence that he thought it would be best for them to be separated from the whites for the purpose of demonstrating their capacity to govern and maintain a church. Now without entering upon a discussion of the vexed question as to whether or not it is best for white and colored people to be together or separate in church or school, we are willing to accept Dr. Patten's doctrine as applied to this particular case.

We believe that if Mr. Douglass were elected President of Howard University, and permitted to surround himself with a Faculty of brilliant and able colored men like Prof. Reason, Rev. Dr. Reeve, Rev. Dr. Crummell, Rev. Mr. Grimke, Prof. Greener, Prof. Bouchett, R. B. Elliot, Rev. T. McCants Stewart, in addition to the able colored men now in the University, and others we might mention, this institution would soon emerge from its sickly and feeble condition into great vigor and strength, and instead of five men graduating from its Collegiate Department it would graduate one hundred.

The great and distinguished name of Frederick Douglas would be a magnet that would draw colored young men from every part of the country.

As Dr. Patton is very consistent and unselfish we have no doubt he will call another meeting of the Trustees, and carefully see each one of them in person before the meeting privately and advocate his policy of separate church, and therefore separate schools and colleges and then tender his resignation to the Trustees, and urge the election of Mr. Douglass as his successor with the same ability and eloquence that he urged the removal of Mr. Lane, and the substitution of Dr. Baugher.

The election of Mr. Douglas to the Presidency of Howard University, surrounded by an able and efficient corps of colored Professors in every department, would do more to demonstrate the capacity of colored men than anything we can think of.

Third: Mr. Douglass has spent his life in advocating the emancipation of his race. He has lived to see his labors crowned with abundant success. Our race has been emancipated and enfranchised, but we need to be educated. In this great and important work Mr. Douglass has not taken an active part since emancipation, and especially since he held the office of Marshall and Register.

We think Mr. Douglass is out of place in an executive office, especially the latter, Register the duties are simply clerical. The possessor of Ten talents has buried them.

It cannot be urged that Mr. Douglass is not competent because he has never taken a Collegiate course himself. Dr. Porter President of Yale College—in delivering the eulogy on the late Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian called attention to the fact of his election to a Professorship at Princeton College, although he had never taken a Collegiate course, and justified it on the ground of his genius and learning gathered outside of the schools. Without intending any reflection, we would not exchange the genius, knowledge and experience of Frederick Douglass, for those qualities in the whole of the Faculty of Howard University combined.

Mr. Douglass is in the full vigor of his powers, as shown in the recent masterly and phliosophical productions he delivered at the emancipation celebration. He is good for ten years of intellectual work yet. What an appropriate close it would be to one of the most remarkable lives ever lived, if he would spend the evening of his day in dispensing the riches of his genius and knowledge on the children of those who emancipation he aided so greatly in securing. J. L. W.

WE WILL "STICK."

In an issue of the 25th instant, the *Republican* published an interview with Mr. Alfred B. King, of Liberia, in which the latter is made to say, among things, the following:

"As the matter stands now," the colored people in this country are hewers of wood and drawers of water. They can never hope for professional or social elevation except in extreme and isolated cases. But they are becoming educated, and can't stand this always. The young colored men and girls who are graduating from the high schools, the normal schools, and the colleges don't want to be waiting maids and barbers, and yet that is about the highest they can hope for in this county. When this class of educated blacks increases largely, as it will surely do, the pressure for higher employment will be so strong that they will turn to Liberia as the only country where a negro has a full and equal chance for the honors of life."

Mr. King is, doubtless, an educated and thrifty African planter, and no doubt looks with much hope for the time when many educated colored men of this country will look to the rich fields of Africa for avenues of profitable employment. And in this we think he is right. We are fast learning the lessons ot thrift from our white brothers, and already show favorable signs of a grasping disposition. As the colored man developes, he will become more venturesome, and will be lured to foreign countries for the sake of personal aggrandizement, just as the whites are. They will go to Africa and may thrive under tropical conditions and become useful citizens and wealthy merchants and successful professional men. These will, however, form the exception to the vast body of colored American citizens. The fact that we are now "hewers of wood and drawers of water" is the logical result of our ignorance. This is the *natural condition* of ignorance. In all enlightened nations, those who are the most ignorant are adapted to the performance of service the least intellectual in its character. Nothing is more natural than that the colored people *are* the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water." But as the colored people emerge out of the condition of intellectual darkness and evince a disposition and capacity to grapple with the complex questions of government and adapt themselves to political conditions; as they familiarize themselves with the various industries of the country, their industrial, political, and social status will change and gravitate into grades according to the same rules of development which govern the whites. We take serious exceptions to the statement of our foreign brother, when he would have us believe that, to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," "waiting maids and barbers," is about the highest we can hope for. Our rapidly increasing educated colored men and womed will by their ambition and indefatigable endeavor, capture places of respectability and honor by a proper conception and utilization of the various forces which are at work in this republic. The Colored American Citizen was born here. By his labors, he was emiuently instrumental in the formation of the institutions of this country. By his toil, he kept the industries of this country busy with the din of spindle and forge. By his blood, he sealed in ineffaceable characters the word Freedom on the folds of the American flag. By his suffrage, he has kept in its place the diadem of the republic and sustained the honor and credit of this government. This he has done while groaning under the weight of ignorance and prejudice. Think you, he will become dismayed and flee like a coward from the scene of his triumphs, because the way to perfect equality is not perfectly unobstructed? No. Here the colored man will stay. Here will he work out the problems which will determine his position in the scale of civilization and sweep back the cobweb of prejudice which are instituted to dismay but which only embolden him to renewed and persistent effort. The American Negro is here to stay. the efforts colonization societies and African propagandists to the contrary notwithstanding, and the sooner our white brothers accommodate themselves to this fact, the easier will it be for their consciences and sensibilities.

Gradually, but steadily, the good results of the liberal movement in Virginia in affording more enlarged opportunities for young colored men and ladies are made manifest. Heretofore, all the teachers in Colored schools of Portsmouth have been white, and of that order of talent that would have not found similar positions among the whites. A week or so ago the new board, readjusters, elected a full corps of colored teachers. These all have talent and abilaty, and can easily justify the wisdom of their selection. The principal is Rev. E. H. Bolden a Wayland Seminary graduate. Mr. Israel Norcom who received his academical education in New Haven Conn. assistant, the ladies are Miss Mary Eliott, a daughter of a intellectual woman long since passed away, and Miss Grace Rowan who, from early childhood, has been an intellectual prodigy. They enter most graciously upon their work, in that they are to teach in one of the best Colored school nuildings we have seen anywhere in Virginia.

We call the attention of our readers to the letter of "Justitia," which will be found in another column, in which the strictures contained in a letter to the New York *Globe* touching the administration of Hon. S. P. Rounds, are fairly met and successfully refuted. We regret that the *Globe* has been imposed upon, for of all the "big guns" in office, we know of not any who has shown more fairness toward the colored people than the Public Printer. Mr. Rounds is a solid republican whose conduct is consistent with his professons and whose fairness has been acknowledged even by his enemies.

The article in our last issue defending the charge made against the Colored Soldiers, was by Col. Joseph T. Wilson. Mr. Wilson has been a close reader of the war histories that have been recently written and been ever on the alert to zealously guard the interest of the Colored Soldier. Let him continue this study, let him gather the needful material for a proper history of the Colored Soldier and when his book is ready, it will meet with a wide sale.

The types last week made us say that Mr. Lemar was an aspirant for "one" office, where as it should have been "none."

MR. A. G. WALL'S FARM.

THE ADVOCATE man was invited by Mr. A. G. Wall to visit his farm sometime. Our man, thinking that one time was as good as another to vtsit a farm, (for a farm presents an interesting appearance at any time), determined to call the other day. He drove out and found the drive a very pleasant one. Mr. Wall's farm is situate about four miles from town, near Ivy City, in the most picturesque portion of the District. Here Mr. Wall lives in a spacious dwelling, surrounded by a most fertile country and pursues the business of a dairyman, in which he has become eminently successful. Mr. Wall's farm consists of 28 acres of the best soil in the District, a portion of which is under cultivation, well stocked and well kept. He has 28 Alderny Cows, a large number of the finest Berkshire hogs, 7 horses, three of which are of Hamiltonian breed, the worth of which he estimates to be $1,600 and 16 dogs, thoroughbred setters and hounds. The Advocate man took a stroll about the farm and struck upon a well which by the way, is as remarkable as the Burning springs at Niagara Falls. The well is very deep and the water, remarkably cool. In accounting for its coolness, Mr. Wall said that the well contained 2½ tons of ice and that the effect of which was to freeze the water in summer and thaw it in winter. Persons desiring to spend a few weeks in the country would do well to call on Mrs. Wall, whose culture and sweetness of disposition are universally acknowledged. Mrs. Wall might be prevailed upon to accommodate a few boarders this summer and we are sure that those who go will profit.

The Slangy Girl Not a Lady.

Mothers of the old school look regretfully upon the questionable manners of the rising generation, for the *sang froid* of the girl of the period stands out in unpleasant contrast with the modest suavity of our grandmothers. Notwithstanding the painstaking attention given to deportment in the public and private schools, the girl of gentle manners, unmarred by ill-breeding and rudeness, is the exception, and these faults are even more prevalent among the high born than the lowly. At school the girl who has the largest stock of slang, can laugh the loudest, and has least respect for either rules or propriety, is the most popular, and is courted as the boon companion and the jolly spirit. Most girls like to be favorites; the slangy schoolmate is imitated, and a pert, uncouth style is thus developed to mar through life a beautiful picture. Finishing schools and intercourse with refined people will, in a measure, tone down the coarseness, but it will be exhibited sometimes, and upon occasions produce the greatest chagrin.

Foreigners claim that what they term the self-reliance and impudence of American girls come from the wide liberty given them as to appearing in public. Native gentleness and modesty are worn off by a constant contact with the rough edges of humanity. American girls abroad have certainly been severely criticised for bad manners, and not altogether unjustly; but the overbearing snobbishness exhibited toward us in return, as if we were a race of Indians, partly palliates the offense. It is better for us, in our cultivation of politeness, to study the manners and customs of our own country than to ape foreign airs, and cater to foreign tastes. American girls would place themselves above all criticism, if they would but study dignity of bearing, and mild, ladylike, gentle ways. Music and the fine arts are elevating, but French spoken with the shrill, harsh voice of an applevender, and a request for music answered with slang, force the hearer to the belief that the accomplishments have been cultivated to the neglect of good breeding.

Another main constituent of the make up of a real gentlewoman is an even temper. Tempers come by nature; but they can be controlled like a fine piano. It requires work, but it can be done by careful, judicious, self-training. Some one says that "a hot temper makes greater havoc in a household than a kerosene explosion." But a sweet, well-governed temper, and the ability to overlook mishaps without a storm of words, is like a delightful perfume, refreshing and pervading the whole house.

What better time to try the experiment of wearing the graces of a gentle womanhood? Drop slang, study refinement and polite bearing; and above all, set a close watch on your temper. At the end of the year you will be amazed at the compliments you receive for being a gentlewoman, and at the good influence you have exerted upon others.

The total national debts of the world in 1878 were $25,531,138,212, of which that of France was the largest ($4,677,743,400); that of England next ($3,888,907,970); that of Russia third ($2,500,000,000); that of Spain fourth ($2,050,000,000); that of the United States fifth (2,035,786,831); that of Italy sixth ($1,950,000,000); that of Austria seventh ($1,500,000,000); that of British India eighth ($1,170,000,000.) The public debts have increased about $6,000,000,000 from 1870 to 1878.

How to keep pickles without brine: Pick and wash your cucumbers, put them into glass cans, put in one or two small pepper pods, fill the can with good cider vinegar, seal tight and put in a cool place, and they will always be ready for the table.

HON. S. P. ROUNDS.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER A STAUNCH FRIEND OF THE COLORED MAN—FACTS VS. MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Editor of People's Advocate:

SIR: A scurrillous article, signed "A Republican," having appeared in the issue of the New York *Globe* of the 23d instant and said article having unjustly reflected upon the treatment of colored employees of the Government Printing Office by Hon. S. P. Rounds, I beg a small space in your columns to reply to that hybrid production, and to defend from such base aspersions and vile vaporings the great friendship that the Public Printer entertains toward the Negro. Why, sir, there have been more colored persons appointed by Mr. Rounds to positions in the Government Printing Office than did all his predecessors put together. Out of the large number of discharges that took place in the folding-room last year, there was but one colored lady that received a dismissal. There are fourteen colored ladies now employed in the folding-room, six of them being appointed by Mr Rounds. There are three colored ladies employed in the bindery, and they receive as good pay as any of the other ladies in the office, with the exception of the lady compositors. As regards Mr. Lavalette's case, he is the only colored man that was ever appointed a proof-reader in that office, and it was done by Col. Rounds. Mr. Lavalette's removal from the proof-room was only a temporary arrangement, and I feel confident that he will be reinstated as soon as it is possible and is consistent with the prosecution of the public work. It was only one of those temporary transactions that are liable to occur in any business house.

Since Mr. Rounds has been Public Printer, he has removed a white man and appointed a colored one as superintendent of the very large stable that is attached and belong to the Government Printing Office. It is a very important and responsible position, having thousands of dollars of government property under his immediate charge and keeping.

Another thing that has taken place under Mr. Rounds' administration, and which was never done before, is the appointment of colored men as watchmen. Although colored men had made applications under former administrations for such positions, Mr. Rounds is the only Public Priuter that has ever awarded them.

It is only a few months ago that a colored boy was appointed to learn the trade of book-binding.

I will here assert, without fear of a successful contradiction, that Mr. Rounds has made more appointments upon the requests and recommendations of colored men than any other bureau or department under the National Government.

Mr. Editor, I could say a great deal more in defence of Mr. Rounds—who is truly a friend of the colored man—but fearing to trespass too much on your valuable space, I will close, with the wish that Fate may always favor the colored man by placing at the heads of the several bureaus and departments of the government such whole-souled gentlemen and friends of theirs as Hon. Sterling P. Rounds. JUSTITIA.

The Conferences and a Sunday School Union.

PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania.

MR. EDITOR:—No doubt you have seen the opportunities of the M. E. Conference which closed their session last Wednesday, and the A. M. E. Zion which has been in session eight days. Our daily papers have reported them as the bodies of other races, but from what I can hear they were harmonious and were well cared for by out Methodist sisters and brothers.

I was fortunate in hearing Bishop Brown preach on Sunday, and I thought his discourse, able, instructive and practical.

I was at the Sunday School review and was pleased with the speeches on the occasion to the children. They were in advance of those in former times, and the singing was excellent, and the Bethel School took the prize. All the speakers said words of encouragement to the children, and pointed them to the better time coming for the colored people. As Dr. Tanner resides out where they made bricks and had often watched men pitch them at oneanother, he reminded them that they wanted them to be strong as they would pitch the A. M. Church to them, and he wanted them to catch it and pass it to the next generation till the year of 2,000. Rev. Peyton told them to be strong, consider themselves the peer of any boy or girl in the world and don't think of dying so young. He did not like to see little girls and boys at nine and ten so pious that they were always thinking and talking about dying. We wanted them to think of being good and great men and women. There is a possility that there is a boy in this audidence they will sit in the Presidents chair. Mr. Stewart spoke in the same hopeful strain and B. W. Arnett on rising slashed right and left; he was proud of being identified with the church as he always liked colored people he was reared among them and was glad that he was with them.

Some brother said he was born too soon, but, he himself was born just in the right time. Yes, some of our people try to steal away from us by putting so much powder on their faces on Sunday that they do not know themselves on week days, but they are not fixed up right on top of their heads. Yes, they are brought to their senses when they comb their heads. He said brother Tanner tried to get away but the pen got caught in his hair. And if one of brother Peyton's boys were inaugurated he would go to Washington to see him.

In reality there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps often in this history; or even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.—[Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography.

The Value of Cereals as Food.

In a lecture on the chemistry of food, Prof. Church gives some points in regard to diet which are suggestive and practical. In speaking of the cereals or grains, he says the best of all for bread-making is wheat. This is believed to be due principally to the character of the nitrogeneous matter of wheat. The main constituent is fibrine, and it can be readily obtained for examination by making a little flour into a dough and water, and then washing the starch out by a means of a stream of water. There is then left a grayish-yellow, tough, elastic mass which is gluten. Speaking of peas, beans, and various kinds of pulse, it was pointed out how much more nearly the different kinds agree in composition than the cereals do. The great drawback to the use of various kinds of pulse is that they are difficult to digest. They are an excellent theoretical food, according to analysis, but they are a severe tax on digestion. Of all the beans, none presents a better typical food than the Soy bean. Lentils have been much spoken of lately as a good food, and they undoubtedly approach to a good typical food, but they are bitter, astiringent, and not easy of digestion. It has come to be pretty well recognized that the food of man doing hard work should have flesh formers to heat-givers in proportion of 1 to 4½, and that the food of a child should have 1 to 7. Bread gives 1 to 7½, while the heat-givers are even more than a child wants; so it is not a good food by itself. Pulse gives (taking an average) 1 to 2½, which is far too small. In the calculations heat-givers are reckoned as starch. Potatoes give 1 to 16, according to the latest analysis, the old, 1 to 8, being evidently in error. Onions are 2 to 4 an excellent proportion, though onions are not much in favor as food. In looking at the relative values of flesh-formers and the heat-givers in foods, the actual amount of water must not be forgotten.

Chalk and Water in Milk.

ANOTHER BELIEF SWEPT AWAY.

The daily city papers often call attention to the quality of the milk furnished to city customers. There is abundant reason for doing this, and they not too frequently insist that milk must be furnished just as it comes from the cow. But these articles lose much of their force by implying, indeed some of them directly asserting, that a mixture of chalk and water is served in place of milk. This is absurd; the most skilled manipulator can make no mixture of any form of chalk that will not be more dense than ordinary milk, from which the chalk will not completely settle, upon standing for a few hours. We doubt if there was ever a pint of milk sold in New York city in which chalk was used as an adulteration. In London, milk and other adulterations were carried to such an extent that Parliament had the matter investigated some years ago. Dr. Hassell, who was officially connected with these examinations, and has probably examined more samples of milk than any other person, says of chalk and starch in milk, while he admits that they may be very rarely used, that "it has not happened to ourselves to meet these substances in milk." Wanklyn, also of London, in the most recent work in the "Analysis of Milk," says nothing about the occurrence of chalk. The fact is, the most serious adulteration of *milk* is with water. Besides the addition of water, milk is impoverished by the abstraction of cream. These two, the taking off of cream and putting in water, are the worst that happen to city milk, and these are bad enough. It diverts attention from these real troubles, to talk about improbable, if not impossible, "chalk and water."—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Chip Dirt for Fruit Trees.

The best fertilizer in use in setting fruit trees of all kinds is partially or thoroughly decomposed chip dirt. We made use of the material for the first time some twenty years ago in planting an apple orchard, and it was a wonder to those not in the secret what caused the trees to make such a fine growth the first season, and afterwards, too, for that matter. This experiment was so satisfactory that when we set our new orchard we made a liberal use of this material with the same satisfactory result. These trials have proved to our satisfaction that chip dirt is the very best material to mix in the soil as you plant the tree that can possibly be used, for the reason that it holds moisture and is full of the elements of plant food; therefore, it promotes a most luxuriant, natural and healthy growth. Repeated trials have satisfied me that a tree is not only more sure to live, but will make double the growth the first year (especially if a dry season) if some two bushels of chip dirt are properly used in its setting, than it would without it. A single trial will convince the most skeptical that the best possible use which can be made of this valuable material is to apply it to the soil in planting trees, in order to push forward the tree during the first precarious stages of its growth.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

The second military pic-nic and open air concert by Company "A", Capital City Guard, will be given at Van-Ness Park, Monday, July 21st.

Committee of arrangements: Lieut. John H. Shepherd, Chairman, Sergt. Geo. A. Johnson, Privates Thos. A, James, J. D. Cleveland, Corporal Alex. Barnard, Peyton Winfield, L. H. Davis, Chas H. Lee, Corporal John Campbell, Joseph Turner, James E. Skinner.

Music by Professor Krause's Orchestra

The Committee takes pleasure in announcing that the Orchestra will be the largest and finest that this Company has ever had provided for the entertainment of their Friends.

Admission Twenty Five Cents.

Well's "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line
Advertisements see rates.

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S. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest Washington, D. C.
A. H Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
M. B. Polkinnorn, next door to Post Office.

☞Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive their paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.

LOCAL.

—Miss Louise Smith is summering at Norwich, Conn.

—Misses Holmes, Lawton and Riggs left last Saturday.

—Mr. J. W. Cromwell left for Philadelphia Monday night.

—Miss L. L. Lewis spends her vacation with her folks at Morrissania, N. Y.

—Hon. Wm. T. Brown, formerly Supt. of Education in Louisiana is dead.

—"On to Richmond" will be the cry next Tuesday night. See advertisement.

—Mr. R. Camp and W. Thourgood of Norfolk, Va., were in the city this week.

—Miss Lucy Brooks, of Richmond, Va. sister of Rev. W. Brooks. is in the city.

—Hon. W. A. Pledger, president of the Colored National Press Association is in town.

—Mr. John A. Whidbee of Norfolk Va. is in the city and stopping at Mrs. Brown's, no. 1416 I st.

—H. E. Barnett, has been with us a few days, his school term at Warrenton, Va. having closed for the present year.

—A few summer boarders willbe taken by Mrs. Rosa Gaskins at Mason's Hill, 8 miles from Washington. A beautiful view of the Capitol. Address at Linconia, Fairfax Co., Va.

—On account of the rainy weather. the Berean Sunday School picnic, which was to have been given on Wednesday last, at Mr. A. G. Wall's beautiful grove near Ivy City, has been postponed.

—Mr. John M. Young, of South Carolina, died last Sunday, about noon. He leaves a wife and three interesting children. The bereaved wife and children have the sympathy of the ADVOCATE, and many friends.

—The 15th St. Presbyterian excursion and picnic which was given last Tuesday was a success. Beauty and talent were well represented in the throng and had it not been for the inclemency of the weather the whole affair would have been simply *immense*.

—Miss Lou P. Matthews, for a long time a most accomplished and successful teacher in our public schools, has tendered her resignation. In this the school system has lost a worthy assistant, but we hear that the loss to the schools will be a gain to a very estimable young artist who lives about the shades of Syracuse, N. Y.

—Miss M. A. Hutton was married to Mr. Frank Scott, of New York, last Thursday evening the 28th instant. After a short but brilliant reception the couple left for New York. Mrs. Scott has been a most faithful teacher for many years past and promises to become a more faithful consort in matrimonial life. We wish them the choicest gifts that Hymen can bestow.

☞Ice Cream.—Families, Pic-nics, etc. supplied with pure Ice Cream and Confections, in quantities to suit at reasonable prices. Special inducements offered to FOURTH OF JULY parties. Order promptly filled at ANALOSTAN ICE CREAM MANUFACTORY, n. w. cor. 16th and P Streets n. w.

PYNN, WHITE & Co.

—We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that Mr. Henry D. Pryor, of Hampton, Va., is to take charge of the local department of the *National Witness*. We feel assured that the *Witness* with Messrs. Pryor and Avery as editors and publishers will be a well edited and spicy journal. We bespeak for Mr. Pryor a grand future in journalism.

—We learn from a very reliable source that Mr. A. St. A. Smith is to be an *active* member of one of our soldier companies. He has not decided as yet, which one he will join. We hope to see him in uniform on the 4th of July.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Perambulating rural district in Tennessee.

MR. EDITOR:—I forgot to tell you in my last letter of a visit I made to Maryville, Tenn., about four weeks ago. This town is about sixteen miles west of Knoxville and has about eight hundred inhabitants. The principle business of those who live in that town is farming though quite a number of its inhabitants are store keepers. And some are in other business. Our people are doing well at this place, and have things much their own way—a colored man is Mayor of this place, and is highly respected by white and colored. Here we also met one of your old acquaintance Mr. White of Raleigh, N. C. He is well acquainted with you and perhaps you will readily call him to mind.

That which give the town prominence is its Normal School and College. There is a Normal school for white children and one for colored children—We visited this place by an invitation and in company with Rev. Wm. Franklin. Strange to say that this college established by Presbyterians and admits colored students. We found two hundred students in the Maryville college; six of them were colored. Rev. Mr. Franklin who is a native of this city graduated from this college three years ago and is the first and only graduate. Surely the good time is coming, and what if it comes by way of way of Maryville? There is one colored Methodist Church here and one Presbyterian. Mr. Lawrence who graduated from the theological Department of Howard University about four years ago is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

A few days ago, Rev. Linzy Roberts and Rev. William Franklin gave us an invitation to visit Rogersville a rural town about eight miles north of Knoxville, which we accepted; and we are very glad we did. For as we traveled a long the highway, and saw great fields of grain all white to the harvest and "yeoman strong, natures honest men" thrusting their sicles into the golden grain with such delight, it gave us new life. We do not wonder at poets writing so many poems about harvest times.

Rogersville is said to be one of the oldest towns of East Tenn. Yet it does not number more than about one thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants. It was originally settled with Scotch Irish and you can judge of the character of the people from their ancestors. They are an independent class of people, both white and colored—but they are exceedingly kind to strangers. And when you visit them they are bound to give you a hearty welcome and make you happy while in their midst. This town has been the nursery for many of Tennessee best men. It is quite a lovely place and sets down in a bottom with mountain hills around it. We might tell you something about its sparkling streams—and its beautiful river and how pretty ducks and geese look as they play. Upon the water, we might speak of its verdent hill sides, and fragrent flowers. We might speak of its excellent mills and mineral springs—and how people crowd this town in Summer from Memphis and other low countries. All this is good, and land scapes are grand, but there is something grandier still. When I see our people working hard, saving their earnings, buying property, owning houses and lands, and seeking education see beauty in this than in the most charming land scape a poet ever put in rhyme or artist on canvass.

Such is the case with our people in Rogersville, Tenn. Mr. Alfred McKenney in that town is a man of property. He runs a yard and does a good business. He is also a harness maker—and furnishes harness for the surrounding country. There are a great many McKenneys in that place and if you do not know a man call him McKenney and you will be all right.

We might tell you much about the industries of this people but time fails us.

There are two colored churches in this place Zion, Methodist and Presbyterian.

The Presbyterian church is not large—but it has a very nice class of people. The Methodist is very neat and has a good congregation. The writer preached at the Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning and in the afternoon. Mr. Franklin preached at night. We had a crowded house all day. The sermon which Mr. Franklin preached in the evening would have graced any New England pulpit. Mr. Franklin as we before said is a graduate of Maryville college and recently of Lanes Seminary, Cincinnatti, Ohio. He welghs about ninety-five or a hundred pounds. But notwithstrnding that he impresses me as a man of fine scholarship. You know that the best grade came in small packages. He has an intellectual face with Joseph Cooks solar light in it blended with kindness. Exceedingly friendly yet dignified. He will begin his life's work in this town. The church which he takes is thirteen years old, but it never had a regular pastor until now. Hence in this secluded town shines an intellectual light of day that in the not distant future will illuminate all that region. His first aim will be to establish a High school. The Presbyterian Board speaks favorably of it and will soon help him to erect a building worth ten thousand dollars. Rev. Linzy Roberts (colored) a congregationalist—first studied this work for the Presbyterians. He supplied the pulpit last year. He is a man of culture, and ought to be called an old war horse, because he fought in the Federal Army was in 13 battles, lost one arm. After the war studied at Fisk and Oberlin, and has been preaching eight years. Monday night the literary society of the Presbyterian church held their exescises in the church. Those who took part showed signs of study. Miss Netherland had an essay for which she should be highly commended. She will not stay at the bottom, should fail to get to the top.

JUNE 22, 1883. S. P. SMITH.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY LE DUKE.

I took great pleasure in reading an article in THE ADVOCATE of a recent issue, touching the temperance question. The statistics contained in it were startling and I can assure you, it set me to thinking. To say that $800,000,000 are spent yearly for liquors is to say a thing is not only true but which is calculated to make one shudder. As I began to contemplate this enormous sum of money acquandered, I could not help thinking how much time is wasted with it. Not only this, but also of the crimes and blood and tears which follow in the train of the liquor traffic. Then, too, when I recall the fact that these millions of gallons of poison] are consumed by men and women who are poor, who earn their bread by the hardest toil; when I think of the suffering and privation which wives and children must undergo to sustain the hellish traffic; when I see young men, brilliant with the fire of genius and blooming with the richest promises of hope—when I see young men and old men—kneeling down before the bottled devils which steal away their genius and blast their hopes, which paralysed the nobler instincts of the soul, hasten disease upon youth, decrepitude upon manhood and death upon old age; when I see this evil threatening the happiness of our domestic circles and profaning the very holy of holies; when I recollect the awful seducement which is robbing our community of its virtue and its respectability I can truly say to liquor "Let us call thee devil." Many a man whose heart throbbed high with hope at the prospect of a life of usefulness and honor is now wrankling in the pest-house, all on account of liquor. Many a man who, but a few years, nay, a few months ago, could boast of a herculean physique, now lies prostrate and weak, but the shadow of what he has been. Many a man, once full of the fire of eloquence is raving in the lunatic asylum or wasting away in a prison cell, on account of his indulgence in whiskey. Many a woman, once pure and chaste as Diana, on whose cheek the bloom of health was seen and in whose heart grew the flowers of pure love, now hides herself from the gaze of friends, in the "gilded dens" of shame and dishonor, all on account of excess in the indulgence of wine-drinking. Now wouldit not be well for parents to look to themselves? Can we not see, at our picnics, young men and yonng girls tipping the red glass? And do we not see the daughters of some our most respectable families taking beer and wine and even whiskey into their homes just to "have a nice time? Let any one stroll our streets any pleasant evening. Will they not see young men and girls shamelessly proposing to go to some dining saloon for something refreshing? The greatest evil among our people is the habit of encouraging intemperance. Do we not set the example by permitting liquors in our houses? What can we expect of our young men and girls when we boldly and shamelessly drink before them? Let us be careful. Let us discourage this drinking at picnics or let us keep our girls at home where they will not be contaminated. Intemperance is the bane of our race. Let us go to work, heroically, and stop the growing evil and Le Duke will thank heaven that a new era of progress has dawned upon us.

OUR SINGERS ABROAD.

The Hagerstown *Daily Globe*, in commenting upon the musical talent of the Washington Harmonic Company, says as follows: "The Washington Harmonic Company made their first appearance in the Academy of Music last night, and by reason of the high class of music produced and the accomplished manner of its production, establishtd themselves favorably as a cultured and musical organization. They appear again to night in an entire change of program and hope, as the object of their efforts is worthy, to receive the support not only of those who wish to assist a laudable undertaking, but as well, the lovers of music. We heartily endorse the merit of the troupe and commend them to the support which they invite."

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A Wife's Frugality.

The wife of the man next door has a fertile brain which is kept actively employed in a variety of directions. Among her household goods are a dozen plants in pots, and a variety of these are in a box mounted on a pedestal. The box she got at the store; the pedestal she and the boy together made. After it was done she wanted it painted.

She might have sent it to the painter for that purpose, but he would charge more than it was worth. To save the extra cost, she determined to do the work herself. She could get a pound of paint all mixed in a pot, with a brush, for twenty cents—the pot and brush to be returned after the work was done. It was a simple thing to paint, and she could put it on as easily and nicely as a trained hand could do it. The man next door didn't think much about it. It was not in his line, but he got the paint.

It was a great surprise to the wife of the man next door to see how little of the paint was required to color the box and pedestal, and how much was left after the work was done. What should she do with it? Not return it, of course, for she would not be allowed anything for it. Now that she had it she might as well use it. There was undoubtedly something it could be used on.

She looked around for the object in question, and was not long in finding it. There are more or less dingy, battered articles about a house which a coat of paint will improve. Her house was no exception. Her eyes lighted on a box holding her scouring sand. In a few moments it was a delightful green.

Then she looked around for other fields to conquer, and presently she found them, and continued to find them as long as the presence of paint made it necessary to search for them. She was nearly the whole afternoon using up that pot of paint, but it was time well employed.

And it was amazing, as she admitted to herself, how far twenty cents' worth of paint would go judiciously applied. She knew her husband would be surprised when he came home at night at all she had done.

And he was.

When he observed the green clock-case, and looked at the green paper-rack, and found that he had a green writing desk, and contemplated the green foot-stool, and saw the green coal scuttle, and got against the green clothes-horse, he was too dull to say a word.

Then he picked up his green boot-jack, and when he did that he gave a wild scared look about the room, sank down in a chair and found his voice.

He said "Holy fish hooks!"

Washington's Market Cart.

On the 20th of April Braddock left Alexandria. On the 9th of July he fell. Washington filled the mountain passes with troops, and kept off the French and Indians from the town that trembled and grew. When the French power in Virginia was broken, he married, and "society" was chagrinned at its early experiences of his married life. Parson Weems tells us that "Alexandria, though small, was lovely, but had no charms for the palate. By tobacco its neighbors had made money. They then began to look down on the poorer sort, and to talk about families. Of course such great people could not run market carts. Hence the Belhavenites often sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny-cake. But when Washington brought the wealthy widow Custis to Mount Vernon, a market cart was constructed, and twice a week sent to Belhaven with fat things that amazed the lean market. Country gentlemen dining in town wondered at the change of fare, and thus it was discovered, to the mortification of some of the little great ones, that "Colonel Washington ran a market cart." "Society" then, if proud, was often plain; for Washington writes in his diary of a ball in Alexandria in 1760, where pocket-handkerchiefs served as tablecloths, that bread and butter with tea, "which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened," made the bill of fare, and in his disgust he writes it down "a bread-and-butter ball."

A Good Education.

We hear a good deal said in these latter times about a good education, and it leads us to inquire what a good education is? Everybody in this country is agreed that it comprises the ability to read properly and grammatically the English language, and a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic to be able to answer accurately any question in the four rules in that science. This is a good education as far as it goes, and as far as school education is concerned it is better than many who claim to be well educated have attained to. Without these, education is not good, although you are versed more or less in all the ologies and osophies mentioned in Webster's dictionary; with them, you have the key that with patience and perseverence will unlock all the others. But even with those and the additions of all the learning taught in the schools, but nothing more, the education would be far from a good education. The education most needed at the present day is a practical one, and it is also the most neglected. The heaping on of flashy attainments for the purpose of show, to the neglect of the every-day needed practical attainments, is far too common, and no one can be said to have a good education who has not, in addition to the lore of the schools, a knowledge of how to earn their own living. Everyone, male or female, rich or poor, should be taugh how to work in some calling or profession that would procure them a livelihood, and until that is done they have not a good education. Educate the mind that the labor of the hands may be more effective. Educate the hands that the education of the mind may be practical as well as ornamental.

Shaving in China.

Everything is reversed in China, you know; men never go to a barber shop to get shaved, the barber carries his kit around hunting his customers. No sitting in crowded shops waiting for your turn to come; the barber has to chase you about and shave you at your own convenience. The word "next" is unknown to the vocabulary of the Chinese barber. You are spared the annoyance, if not torture, of being compelled to sit by while five or six men ahead of you have their beard removed, hair cut, whiskers dyed, and heads shampooed, when you only want your hair oiled and mustache waxed to go to the theatre. Sit down on a doorstep or curbstone anywhere, and a barber steps up and attends to your wants immediately. Happy dispatch.

Gambling in Deadwood.

A very characteristic incident of life in the wild and reckless West occurred in one of the popular saloons of Deadwood the other afternoon. A party of four were playing poker, and the bets were running high. A couple of the boys got to bucking at one another, and a huge pile of greenbacks and chips was soon piled between them. At last one "called" the other, and he showed three queens. The other quietly turned over three kings.

"Take the money," said the patron of the ladies, as though asking the other to drink.

The man of many kings reached over to take in the pot, when one of the other players interfered and claimed that one of the kings in the hand of the winner belonged to him, unless there were five in the pack, as he laid down two of them when the heavy betting began. He of the queens rose up quietly pulled a murderous-looking bull-dog revolver, which he placed in unpleasant proximity; "Drop it!"

He dropped it, you bet; and then, without another word, the game went on as though nothing had happened.

Women's Faces.

Intellectual graces do certainly add to the chances of a face being beautiful; and, without intellectual graces, the most charming face can never be quite satisfactory. Emotional variety and expression, however, is the true key to the inexplicable influence of the most irregular faces—a key which suggests considerations as to the origin of this free emotional display which cannot be entered upon here. The possibilities of tragedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly and strangely suggestive—you know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, the mind of concealed emotion would fly up. Even the suggestion of the study of a fierce temper (as a brief artistic study, be it understood) is better than the helpless dullness of the faultless and inexpressive face. Not unfrequently this indication of a fiery temperament lies in the eyes of a face which is otherwise unutterably soft and dove-like. In such a case the *piquante* contradiction is irrisistably charming if the woman be tender, and fragile, and winning, with a discreet and delicious veil of mildness tempering the powerful eyes. Such a woman invariably lends herself to any passing mood with an *abandon* which is either wonderfully seductive and confiding or repellant and terrible. She is either affectionate with a sort of kitten-like, tantalizing playfulness, or she is a revengeful Juno with eyes of anger and words of sharp fire. There are other faces which express powerful emotion under powerful restraint with all its suggestions of strong, enduring constancy and irreproachable delicacy of conscience. There are others that only speak of emotional weakness—of a certain infantile want of principle, joined to a want of will, and a prevailing misapprehension of surrounding relations chiefly arising out of vanity.

Words of Wisdom.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

If you act with a view to praise only you deserve none.

We seek to control others, yet how few of us are masters of ourselves.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow: your last speech is the one remembered.

Knowledge, when possessed by only a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

Good-nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

Insult not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity: the first is inhuman, the second shows folly, and the third pride.

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never lasting; the tree forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom bears it and dies.

Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way, for such wisdom is generally wasted.

Give a little to those who ask, even though you suspect them of being impostors. It may not do good to them, but it will to you.

The mind is weak when it has once given away; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

It is nice when a wife gives her husband a box of cigars on his birthday, but it somehow takes the romance all out of it when she quietly observes next morning, "You'll have to give me some money to pay for those cigars; I spent all mine for other things.

A mother was trying to break her five-year-old boy of the habit of lying by telling him that all liars went to h—l. She gave him a moving account of the terrors of the place, whereupon he exclaimed, "Why, mother, I couldn't stand it." "But you would be made to stand it." "Oh, well" said the youngster, "if I could stand it I wouldn't care."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Penhecker. "No, madam, I object most decidedly. Once and for all I say it—the girls shall not be taught foreign languages." "And why not, pray?" said Mrs. P., with withering sarcasm. "Because," said Mr. P., with more withering sarcasm, "because, Mrs. P., one tongue is enough for any woman!"

—The end of all education is that highest of all possible ends, the discipline of man for the battle of life,—discipline in body, in intellect, in the moral nature. Great powers of body or of intellect, divorced from integrity of the moral nature, only make the greater villians. Education, if divorced from a healthy moral sentiment, is rather a curse than a blessing.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son.

Never certainly in human language was so much—such a world of love and wisdom and tenderness—compressed into such few immortal words. Every line, every touch of the picture is full of beautiful and eternal significance. The poor boy's presumptuous claim for all that life could give him—the leaving of the old home—the journey to a far country—the brief spasm of 'enjoyment' there—the mighty famine in that land—the premature exhaustion of all that could make life noble and endurable—the abysmal degradation and unutterable misery that followed—the coming of himself and recollection of all that he had left behind—the return in heart-broken penitence and deep humility—the father's far-off sight of him, and the gush of compassion and tenderness over this poor returning prodigal—the ringing joy of the whole household over him who had been loved and lost, and had now come home—the unjust jealousy and mean complaint of the elder brother, and then that close of the parable in strain of music—'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this my brother was dead, he is alive again; he was lost, and is found'—all this indeed is a divine epitome of the wandering of man and the love of God such as no ear of man has ever heard elsewhere. Put in the one scale all that Confucius, or Sakya Mouni, or Zoroaster, or Socrates ever wrote or said—and they wrote and they said many beautiful and holy words—and put in the other the Parable of the Prodigal Son alone with all that this single parable means, and can any candid spirit doubt which scale would not weigh the other in eternal preciousness, in divine adaption to the wants of man?

Amusements.

From the remotest ages to the present time we find that all nations, both cultured and uncivilized, have bestowed upon this subject an attention and devotion which has in many instances approached enthusiasm. They have always recognized the necessity of the mind's having sufficient rest and diversion from its everyday pursuits by some amusement, and therefore have they endeavored to establish such games as would be not only participated in with delight but also awaited with real avidity. People generally are prone to search for something that is pleasant, and it was the realization of this fact that led Tarquinius Priscus, in the early ages of Rome, to institute the games of the circus, thereby ingratiating himself in the favor of the citizens at large. And here we may say that it is invariably the case that the more we please those with whom we are associated, the firmer will they become our friends, and hold us higher in their esteem.

These games inaugurated by Tarquinius were continued to be celebrated after him, and observed with much more grandeur. Later, their growth warranted the building of the monstrous amphitheatre, the only relic left to show the grandeur of ancient Rome, with the exception of the stupendous sewers which were constructed also by the order of the same Tarquinius. But the grand amphitheatre was defiled, and the purpose for which it was built abused; for during the persecution of the Christians, the Roman Emperors caused many of the faithful to be thrown into the arena, to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, for the entertainment of the populace. Here the amusement ceased to edify; the public taste became vitiated, and the desire increased with a base tendency, in proportion to the horrifying scenes, with which is was fed. Amusements should always tend to elevate; and to arrange them so as to effect this result can truly be called an art. No amusement is commendable which does not strengthen the body or ennoble the mind. For this reason only should they be encouraged. Considerable attention is now bestowed upon theatrical performances to make them as pure and elevating as possible, and the manner in which they are brought out at the present day may be called truly artistical. One can now, if he chooses, visit a theatre and feel not only that he has learned a lesson in morality, but also feel its beneficial effects upon himself. And so with a great many other amusements, that can be carried on so as to benefit the physical condition of the body and also to lead the mind on to elevation.

Among other amusements we find one that has caused such tremendous enthusiasm among our people, that I cannot help but make note of it—this is pedestrianism—although I cannot vouch for its orthodoxy among those I have called commendable amusements. Surely it does not fulfil the first requirement, viz., the strengthening of the body, for such frequent over-exertions which the *waiters* are obliged to endure, would rather, in my opinion, tend to weaken it, and as to the ennoblement of the mind, I cannot see where it comes in; on the contrary, it seems to me that it lowers him to the very nature of a beast, and I cannot believe that the primary object of man was to run races and leave horses, the rightful participants, if indeed they were created for such a purpose, to be the spectators, as it were. And so there are many others of which we could speak separately, which should be avoided, for the same reason too, that they are of no benefit to ourselves nor to anyone else, and are therefore, to say the least, an entire loss of our precious time. Besides this, amusements should never be allowed to become to one a passion, so much so that the mind is constantly enveloped in thoughts of it to the entire loss of any serious thought and the time that should be occupied in study.

I would not banish amusements at all, but let them be of a truly benefitting nature, engaged in at the proper time and without that injurious excess which renders a benefit, by its abuse, an injury.

Curious Statistics of Marriage.—It is found that young men from 15 to 20 years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but, if they delay marriage until they are 20 or 25 years old, their spouse averages a year younger than themselves; and henceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurence, but it is amusing to find, in the love-matches of boys, that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac.

—The shrinkage of Tulare Lake, Cal., uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals, once bordered with planted trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race, being clearly defined as the water subsided.

Observe the Birthdays.

Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, to show that it is remembered. Birthdays are always great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for are apt to neglect birthdays, they come so often sometimes when they are busy and sometimes when they are "nervous," but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by the children years after, they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

Men think it no shame to give handsome obsequies to those dead, whom living they had suffered to starve unnoticed; but the struggle of sinking poverty passes unseen in its corner.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition, and that it is as absurd to expect it without as to look for a harvest without seeds.

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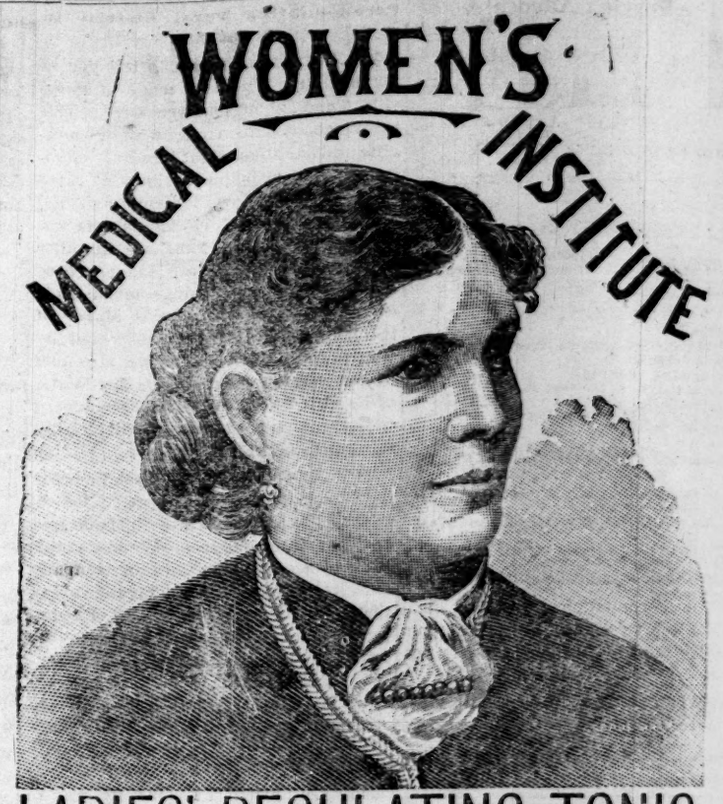

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